As true we are as fleſh and bloud can be,
The Sea will ebbe and flow, heauen will ſhew his face:
Young bloud doth not obey an old decree;
We cannot croſſe the cauſe why we are borne:
Therefore of all hands muſt we be forſworne.
King. What, did theſe rent lines ſhew ſome loue of thine?
Ber. Did they quoth you? Who ſees the heauenly *Roſaline*,
That (like a rude and ſauage man of *Inde.*)
At the firſt opening of the Gorgeous Eaſt,
Bowes not his vaſſall head, and ſtrooken blinde.
Kiſſes the baſe ground with obedient breaſt?
What peremptorie Eagle-ſighted eye
Dares looke vpon the heauen of her brow,
That is not blinded by her Maieſtie?
Kin. What zeale, what furie, hath inſpir'd thee now?
My Loue (her Miſtreſſe) is a gracious Moone,
Shee (an attending Starre) ſcarce ſeene a light,
Ber. My eyes are then no eyes, nor I *Berowne*,
O, but for my Loue day would turne to night,
Of all complexions the cul'd ſouereignety,
Doe meet as at a Faire in her faire cheeke,
Where ſeuerall Worthies make one dignity,
Where nothing wants, that want it ſelfe doth ſeeke.
Lend me the floriſh of all gentle tongues,
Fie painted Rhetoricke, O ſhe needs it not,
To things of Sale a ſellers praiſe belongs:
She paſſes praiſe, then praiſe too ſhort doth blot,
A withered Hermite, fiueſcore winters worne,
Might ſhake off fifty, looking in her eye:
Beauty doth varniſh Age, as if new borne,
And giues the Crutch the Cradles infancie.
O'tis the Sunne, that maketh all things ſhine.
King. By heauen, thy Loue is blacke as Ebonie.
Berow. Is Ebonie like her? O word diuine?
A wife of ſuch wood were felicitie.
O who can giue an oath? Where is a Booke?
That I may ſweare beauty doth beauty lacke,
If that ſhe learne not of her eye to looke:
No face is faire that is not full ſo blacke.

Kin. O Paradoxe, Blacke is the
The hue of dungeons, and the Sch
And beauties creſt becomes the hea
Ber. Deuils ſooneſt tempt reſor
O if in blacke my Ladies browes be
It mournes, that painting vſurping
Should rauiſh doters with a falſe aſp
And therefore is ſhe borne to make
Her fauour turnes the faſhion of th
For natiue bloud is counted painti
And therefore red, that would auo
Paints it ſelfe blacke, to imitate her
Dum. To looke like her are Ch
Lon. And ſince her time, are C
King. And *Æthiops* of their sw
Dum. Dark needs no Candles
Ber. Your Miſtreſſes dare neuer
For feare her colours ſhould be wa
Kin. 'Twere good yours did: f
Ile finde a fairer face not waſht to d
Ber. Ile proue her faire, or talk
Kin. No Diuell will fright thee
Duma. I neuer knew man hol
Lon. Looke heer's thy Loue, m
Ber. O if the ſtreetes were pau
Her feet were much too dainty fo
Duma. O vile, then as ſhe goes
The ſtreet ſhould ſee as ſhe walk'd
Kin. But what of this are we
Ber. O nothing ſo ſure, and th
Kin. Then leaue this chat, and
Our louing, lawfull, and our faith
Dum. I marry there, ſome flat
Long. O ſome authority how
Some tricks, ſome quillets, how t
Dum. Some ſalue for periurie.
Ber. O 'tis more then neede.
Haue at you then affections men
Conſider what you firſt did ſweare

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